Bull. Royally, why it containes no King.
H. Per. Yes (my good Lord)
It doth containe a King, King *Richard* lies
With the limits of yon lime and stone,
And with him the Lord *Aumerle*, Lord Salisburie,
Sir Stephen Scroope, besides a Cleargie man
Of holie reuerence, who I cannot learne.
North. Oh belike it is the Bishop of *Carleile.*
Bul. Noble Lords,
Go to the rude ribbes of that ancient Castle,
Through brasen Trumpet send the breath of parlee
Into his ruinde eares, and thus deliuer.
H. Bul. on both his knees, doth kisse king *Richards* hand.
And sends alleageance and true faith of heart
To his Royall person: hither come
Euen at his feete, to lay my armes and power:
Prouided, that my banishment repeald,
And lands restored againe be freely graunted;
If not, ile vse the aduantage of my power,
And lay the summers dust with showres of blood,
Raind from the wounds of slaughtered Englishmen?
The which, how far off from the mind of *Bullingbrooke*
It is, such chrimson tempest should be drencht,
The fresh greene lap of faire King *Richards* land,
My stooping dutie tenderlie shall shew.
Go signifie as much, while here we march
Vpon the grassie carpet of this plaine;
Lets march without the noyse of threatning drumme,
That from this Castles tattered battlements,
Our faire appointments may be well perusd.
Me thinks King Richard and my selfe should meete
With no lesse terrour then the Elements
Of Fire and Water, when their thundring smoake,
At meeting teares the cloudy cheekes of heauen.
Be he the Fire, Ile be the yeelding Water;
The rage be his, whilst on the earth I raigne
My Water's on the earth, and not on him:
March on, and marke King Richard how he lookes.

The

The Trumpet sound, Richard appeareth on the walles.
Bull. See, see, King Richard doth himselfe appeare
As doth the blushing discontented Sunne
From out the fierie portall of the East,
When he perceiues the enuious clouds are bent
To dimme his glorie, and to staine the tracke
Of his bright passage to the Occident.
Yorke. Yet lookes he like a King, behold his eye,
As bright as is the Eagles, lightens foorth
Controlling Maiestie; alacke for woe,
That any harme should staine so faire a shew.
King. We are amazd, and thus long haue we stood
To watch the fearefull bending of thy knee,
Because we thought our selfe the lawfull King:
And if we be, how dare thy ioynts forget
To pay their awefull dutie to our presence?
If we be not, shew vs the hand of God
That hath dismist vs from our Stewardship:
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone,
Can gripe the sacred handle of our Scepter,
Vnlesse he do prophane, steale, or vsurpe:
And though you think that all as you haue done,
Haue torne their soules, by turning them from vs,
And we are barren and bereft of friends:
Yet know, my Master God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his clouds on our behalfe,
Armies of Pestilence, and they shall strike
Your Children yet vnborne, and vnbegot,
That lift your vassaile hands against my head,
And threat the glorie of my precious Crowne.
Tell *Bullingbrooke* (for yon me thinks he stands)
That euerie stride he makes vpon my land,
Is dangerous treason: he is come to open
The purple Testament of bleeding Warre:
But ere the Crowne he lookes for, liue in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crownes of mothers sonnes,
Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,
Change the complexion of Mayd-pale peace,